Portia. Too long a pauſe for that which you finde there.
Arag. VVhat's here! the pourtrait of a blinking Ideot,
Preſenting me a Scedule: I will reade it.
How much unlike art thou to *Portia?*
How much unlike my hopes, and my deſervings?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall have aſmuch as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fooles head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?
Por. To offend and judge are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures. *Arrag.* VVhat is here?

The Fire ſeven times tried this,
Seven times tryed that judgement is,
That did never chooſe amiſſe:
Some there be that ſhadowes kiſſe;
Such have but a ſhadowes bliſſe.
There be fooles alive I wis,
Silver'd o're, and ſo was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, you are ſped.

Arrag. Still more foole I ſhall appeare
By the time I linger here:
With one fooles head I came to woo'e,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroth.
Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moath:
O theſe deliberate fooles, when they doe chooſe,
They have their wiſdome by their wit to looſe.
Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſie,
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtinie.
Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerriſſa.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where is my Lady?
Por. Here, what would my Lord?
Meſſ. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate

A young

A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignifie th'aproaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit, (beſides commends and curious breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeene
So likely an Embaſſadour of love.
A day in April never came ſo ſweet
To ſhow how coſtly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his Lord.
Portia. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt ſay anone he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpendſt ſuch high day wit in prayſing him:
Come, come, *Nerryſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quicke *Cupids* Poſt that comes ſo mannerly.
Nerriſſa. *Baſſanio*, Lord, Love if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Solanio and Salarino.

Solanio. Now what newes on the Ryalto?
Salari. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wrackt on the narrow ſeas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcaſſes of many a tall ſhip lie buried, as they ſay, if my Goſſip Report be an honeſt woman of her word.
Solanio. I would ſhe were as lying a Goſſip in that, as ever knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeve ſhe wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honeſt *Anthonio*; O that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company.
Salari. Come, the full ſtop.
Solanio. Ha, what ſayeſt thou, why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.
Salari. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes.
Solanio. Let me ſay Amen betimes, leſt the Devill croſſe my prayer, for heere he comes in the likeneſſe of a Iew. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants? *Enter Shyloke.*
Shy. You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well, as you, of my daughters flight.
Salari. Thats certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor that made the wings ſhe flew withall,